The Stars and Stripes

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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1918.

THE STARS AND STRIPES now is printed at the plant of *Le Journal* in Paris, one of the most completely equipped newspaper printing plants in the world. Through the courtesy of the secretary general, M. Le Page, the presses of *Le Journal* were made available to us at a time when the problem of printing this paper (300,000 this week, and still going up) had become serious. This connection insures uniform, first quality printing of the entire issue.

The typographical work of THE STARS AND STRIPES will continue to be done in the composing room of the Paris office of the *London Daily Mail*, which was the first of our journalistic friends to extend a helping hand in the days of our recent infancy.

It is to the courtesy of these two papers, the one French, the other British, actuated by the same idea of helpfulness and cooperation which exists between the Allied nations as a whole, that this American paper on foreign soil owes a share of the modest success which it has achieved.

ONCE AND FOR ALL

Germany wants peace, with her armies in the field still intact. As we interpret the expressions on the subject of peace being received by this newspaper, the American doughboy in France wants no peace until the German armies have been crushed by the decisive Allied victory which the German leaders know is remorselessly ahead, and which, once received, will make it impossible for them ever to try again (as is now in their minds) for world conquest. The American soldier in France wants the job of literally and figuratively "beating hell" out of Germany completed once and for all, now.

WHICH SALUTE?

Many expert photographers have tried to take successful pictures of the American salute. It is no fault of the photographers, but no two of the pictures are alike. The reason is that no two of the salutes are alike.

Most American soldiers, however, agree in one detail of the salute. They duck their heads. The result is a semi-bow, semi-stoop, semi-anything.

It is not the fault of the men who salute or the officers who answer it. It is the fault of the salute itself.

Turn, now, to the French. The French salute keeps the head up for the simple physiological reason that the natural flexing of the shoulder muscles makes it easier for the head to stay up. To let the head drop is an effort—not a very hard one, but an effort, none the less. In our salute it is an effort to keep the head up.

Which salute is the finer, the more dignified, the more military?

THE DAY OF REDEMPTION

St. Quentin, Lens, Armentières delivered, Cambrai purged of the Hun's four years' presence, Rheims freed from the threat of a grip that has vainly sought to close its bloody fingers about it—one by one the cities of France are being restored to her.

Not for months and years will they be the populous places they once were, but already their ruin-littered streets re-echo to the friendly tread of figures in khaki and horizon blue. For each of them the day of redemption has come. Behind the receding German line the flames of other cities redden the night sky with the most portentious distress signal that the forces of cowering militarism have ever sent up.

It is not only the cities that are being redeemed. Between them lie stretches of once blooming countryside, dotted in years gone with the red-tiled roofs of clustering farm villages. It is land that is being redeemed. It is France.

We are warned not to estimate the success of a military operation by the territory which it recovers; we know that a war may be won anywhere the victorious blow happens to be struck; that Napoleon was beaten in Belgium; that the crucial battle of our own Revolution was fought some miles north of Albany, N. Y.; that Bulgaria was beaten in Serbia.

We know all this, and yet the certitude of victory grows more certain to us as the Hun yields up mile after mile, village after village, city after city, yields it up with such anguish of heart as we, on our side, can but very dimly imagine.

THE IMPOSSIBLE

Statistics seldom tell a finer story than those published in this paper last week on the arrival of American troops in France, the receipt of war material of all sorts at the base ports, and the record which the S.O.S. is making in handling that material.

More than 768,000 tons of freight discharged from steamers and stored or sent forward by train, a daily average of 25,588 tons of food, clothing, shells, powder, guns, medical supplies; 311,969 men, 10,398 every day, a soldier every eight and one-half seconds; 125 standard gauge freight cars put in service in one day, a total of more than 10,000 U.S.A. freight cars now in service; eight locomotives assembled and commissioned every day for the month, making a total of over 1,000 American locomotives hauling troops and supplies in France.

Ponder these figures. They are an epitome of one of the most remarkable industrial and military achievements in history. They are an indication of the extent to which America has "gone to war"—an extent which the Germans said, and perhaps believed, was impossible. In these figures of the impossible accomplished the Germans can read their certain end, the end which a few at least of the calmer minds in Germany already see.

SALUTING THE WOUNDED

When a Marine on service in the United States encounters a brother Marine who has been wounded in France and sent home, he snaps him a salute. Officers in that way salute plain buck privates, for the custom has spread, so the report runs, to all ranks of the Marines now in America.

The wounded man does not return the salute; often he cannot. He simply smiles or nods his recognition of it, just as it pleases him to do.

The other day, in France, two wounded doughboys, their saluting arms in slings and their heads swathed in bandages, were out on pass, taking the air in the hospital town. Along the street came a French colonel, an elderly, dignified gentleman, in full uniform, whose decorations betokened hard and daring fighting in previous wars and whose left arm bore the chevrons denoting four years' service at the front in this war.

He took one look at the two battered Yanks. Then he raised his right hand to the salute.

ONE OF THE 500

"I was born at Pont-à-Mousson, a pretty town on the Moselle, and I was very happy there until 1914," writes little Yvonne Lorange, aged 11. "Father was a plasterer and made good wages. Mother kept the house, and my two brothers and I went to school, where we worked our best.

"On Sundays Father worked in the garden the whole morning; it was so pretty, that garden, with the squares of nice vegetables and the beautiful flowers. In the afternoon everybody went out for a walk. We used to go up to the Bois-le-Prêtre, and Father and Mother used to sit at the Pére Hilarion's fountain and we children played about and gathered flowers under the big trees that now are gone.

"Unfortunately, the war broke out. Father started the very first evening to join his regiment, the 226th Infantry. He was grave, grave, and kissed us, saying: 'Be good, listen to your Mother, work well at school and think about your Papa who is going to defend France.' For a year Mother received letters regularly, and then nothing more. . . .

"After many investigations, Mother heard that he had been reported 'missing' since the fight of Givenchy-en-Goelle, during the third battle of Artois in September, 1915. I heard that sad news in Algiers, where the children of Pont-à-Mousson had been taken in May, 1915, when the bombardment was frightful, and we could not live night and day in the cellars. . . .

"I am very glad to know that, not only are you pleased to help the French orphans, you will also give us soldiers to drive the Huns away. It will be easy work for you! I love you already, but I shall love you still more when you have given Mother her home again."

SAME OLD DAME

If there were no Essen, there would be no German army. The people of Essen must be kept in better humor, perhaps, than even the people of Berlin. If a wild rumor gets started at Essen, it has to be killed more quickly than it would anywhere else in all Germany. Here are a few of the rumors which the commandant of Essen has recently been kept busy suppressing:

Hindenburg has committed suicide.
The German armies have joined the Anglo-French forces.
Whole regiments have refused to obey orders.
The British fleet has attacked and destroyed Heligoland.

These rumors are reported here, not that you who read may sit back and laugh at the discomfiture of the people who make Germany's guns, but to show that old Dame Rumor is the most neutral of all neutrals.

Stories as extravagant as these, though of a more optimistic color, have been running more or less riot throughout the A.E.F., particularly in recent weeks. Here is one:

A distinguished visitor arrived at an important A.E.F. center very early in the morning—before reveille, in fact. Word that something big was in the wind got into one barracks, and, without resort to a bugle, everybody began hurriedly to dress.

What was going on? Nobody knew, but within a few seconds the story that peace had been declared was sweeping through that barracks—and being believed.

Don't laugh at Essen.

REACTIONS

Whence does an army draw its morale, that victory in itself which leads to other victories and in the end accomplishes the final victory?

What, in particular, is the source of the American Army's morale?

Do the men at the ports and through the S.O.S. toil the harder for the knowledge that Montfaucon and Consenvoye and Cernay have fallen?

Do the men on the advancing Argonne line fight the harder for the knowledge that a united nation is lending its government billions of dollars as a practical proof of its devotion?

Are the people at home heartened by the thought that the armies of Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, a wall against which the German tide has dashed for four years, are now a moving wall, moving inexorably eastward? Are they heartened by the spectacle of Serbia, wholly overrun by her neighbors, rising and striking, with the aid of her Allies, so fiercely that one of those neighbors makes up its mind straightaway that this is a good war to get out of?

The answer to each and all of these questions is simply yes. You may turn the terms around any way you choose—the result will be the same. Encouragement thrives on encouragement; success leads to success. Everything that inspires morale reacts to inspire more of it. There is no end; there is no beginning.

The Army's Poets

LAD O' MINE

It's thinking of ye
That I am,
Me darlin',
Thinkin' of ye
As ye used to be
Wid yer little curls
A-fallin',
And yeslif
A-climbin' up my knee.
Ye would scrooch
And scrunt amazin'
And clap yer fists
In glee
When it's yeslif
Yer dad was praisin'
For bein' so
The like o' me.

I'm thinkin' of ye,
That I am,
Me darlin',
Thinkin' of ye
As ye are today—
Sure the Riverind's
Been callin'
To steal my thoughts
Away;
But it's worryin'
And weepin'—
Are ye hurt?
And is it bad?
Are ye sound
Or are ye sleepin'?
Sure, I'm thinkin' of
ye, lad!

It's thinkin' of ye,
That I am,
Me darlin',
Thinkin' of yer letter
And yer love,
Thinkin' of the
Look of ye,
And thankin' God
above
That it's spared
Ye are, me darlin',
For yet a longer
while—
Sure I'm thinkin' of
ye, darlin',
And yer blarney,
And yer smile.

M. G.

OCTOBER IN THE LINES

'Tis seldom that the guns are silent where we are
And yet, sometimes, they seem to pause for rest,
And when they do, my fancies wander just as far
As if it were October in our nest;
As if the nest were built as we had planned it then,
As if I shrugged my shoulders in the crowd,
Brushed off the dying leaf and hustled in
To find you humming, singing half aloud
And weaving whisps of dreams before the fire,
And waiting in our land of Heart's Desire.

Few are the evenings of the red October sun
That, dying out beyond a hill in France,
Can yield the beauties of another one
When love and lips and autumn met by chance;
Few are the golden glows within the dreamer's eye
Not marred by splinters of the bursting shell,
Where wild hyenas of the air shriek through the sky
So close they hiss one's name, and, nearer, tell
One's buried sins of long ago, and then—
Explode beyond—and miss—and leave us—men!

Ah, Love, tonight the red October leaf is down,
A garb of fancy, withered in the sun,
As if the soul within the oak had shed her gown
To cloak her figure with a sterner one:
So does your soldier throw aside the dreamer's skein
To be rewoven in some dusk with you,
For fancy will be sweeter when it comes again
And love will know a cost to hold it true;
And thus he goes, as one who knows he will
Emerge a victor—yet your dreamer still.

J. P. C.

DER TAG

(In answer to the German toast, "Der Tag," in which the German war lords toasted the time when Deutschland would be "uber alles.")

Here's to the day when the whole thing is won!
Here's to the day when the Kaiser is done!
Here's to the day when we break his swelled dome!
Here's to the day that we go marching home!

Long restless nights
With cursed cootie bites
Things of the past!
Hot baths at last
Real dollar bills!
No more O.D. pills!

Chicken instead of our canned willy chow!
All of the ice cream the law will allow!
Mess in the way we want to be messed!
Dress in the way we like to be dressed!

Neckties and suits!
No more salutes!
A nice, comfy bed
With a mattress instead
Of some billet floor
That makes your ribs sore.

The day when we no longer blister our heels,
But know how a ride in the old subway feels!
The day that we no longer parlez Francais,
But speak once again in the good old home way!

Keep running, Fritz, like you're now on the run,
And before very long you will be a licked Hun,
With "Der Tag" that you toasted time-worn and passé,
While we drink triumphantly: Here's to Our Day!

Corp. HOWARD J. GREEN, Inf.

THE LOST TOWNS

Beneath the new moon sleeping
The little lost towns lie;
Their streets are very white and hushed,
Their black spires tilt the sky.

Across the darkened meadows
A plaintive night bird calls;
The sea of fog that clouds the fields
Rolls softly to their walls.

Within their shuttered houses
No midnight candles glance;
Their womenfolk are all abed,
Their menfolk fight for France.

They dream, the little lost towns
Of Alsace and Lorraine,
The vision of the patient years,
The old frontier again.

Sleep on, nor cease your dreaming,
Who pitted men and crowns,
We'll bring you back, we'll bring you back,
Oh, little, long lost towns.

Pvt. STEUART M. EMERY.

GETTIN' LETTERS

When you're far away from home an' you're feelin' kind o' blue,
When the world is topsy turvy, nothin' sets jest right for you,
Yuh can sneer at all yer troubles, an' yer cares yuh never mind,
When you've really had a letter from the Girl yuh left behind.

When the cook is downright nutty, an' his biskits never raise,
When he feeds yuh canned tomatoes for jes' seventeen straight days,
You can lift yer chin an' whistle, an' that's him fairly kind,
If you've really had a letter from the Girl yuh left behind.

When the Captain's got a grouch on, an' has bawled yuh out for fair,
When some pesky Lieut has sassed yuh which to home he wouldn't dare,
Yuh can lift you chin an' whistle, an' that's easy, yuh will find,
If you've really had a letter from the girl yuh left behind.

When a letter comes yuh grab it right before the other guys
An' yuh git a little vision of the light that's in Her eyes;
Yuh can see Her smiles an' dimples, an' fer other girls you're blind
When you've really had a letter from the Girl yuh left behind.

Jest a sheet or two of paper with a purple stamp of two,
But it means the whole creation to the heart an' soul o' you,
An' yuh git to feelin' pious, an' yuh pray a bit, yuh mind,
Fer the great Almighty's blessin' on the Girl yuh left behind.

E. C. D., Field Hospital.

AFTER THE WAR

Along the granite passes
Ye will find me if ye seek—
In the ranges where the prisoned ages frown;
Beside the tumbling waters
Fed from off a distant peak,
Where an avalanche of sky is pouring down!

Along the mirrored fringes,
Where the shore line Norways stand,
By the silent pools that dot the northern trails:
Where God has chiseled sermons
In his own and mighty hand,
And the loon, a jeering unbeliever, wails.

The wind that courses wildly
Down the scented forest lanes,
I shall breathe until fairly drunken with its wines:
(Like ardent, fiery liquor
To my jaded, slugging veins,
Is the bonny, balsam odor of the pines).

And then, surfeit with nature,
I shall lay me down to rest
In a languid, dreamless, woodland sort of way,
As the sun is hanging pendant
In the airways of the West
Like a medal pinned upon the breast of day!

ALBERT JAY COOK.

THEN WE WILL HAVE PEACE

SEEING HER SON

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I live on the top of a hill, in downtown Los Angeles. Beneath me, all day the north and southbound traffic roars through the Hill Street tunnel. Across the street from me, all day, a comedy movie bunch makes uproarious pictures, to the tune of cracking crockery and crescendo curses from a leather-lunged director. And all around me children, brown and white and yellow, shriek their various tongues. But today I have been oblivious. I have not been here, but in France.

For many weary moons I have read and re-read my few and scanty letters from over there, seeking, by patient application, to find in them a picture of life as it is lived by our boys. (I have only one of my very own in France, but others have sat "at the hearthstone of my heart" and gone away those many miles, leaving their place warm.) And I have read column after column of the work of the correspondents, seeking the simple knowledge of simple things, and the atmosphere of every day. Once in a while some illuminating touch would lift the curtain for a moment, and then it would fall igain.

But today a magician arrived. He was dressed as a postman, but that must have been camouflage. And he cried, as I was leaving the house, "Wait! See what I've brought ye! An' I wonder could I buy one of 'em offen ye." What he brought me was a huge bundle of THE STARS AND STRIPES, numbered one to twenty-five, and neither he nor any other can buy one of 'em offen me, but I would expect to be pursued by a Nemesis of sorts if I failed to give him two or three and distribute them generally where it looks as if they would do the most good. Only the first four and the last one I mean to keep forever and forever and forever.

All day I have been reading with chokes and chuckles, heedless alike of din or dinner, And it is evening now and I have to go out to make a talk to a W.S.S. society. This morning I was empty-headed. Now I am embarrassed with riches. And, best of all, the gray mist, which swallowed so much I cared about, has lifted, and thanks to you. I can visualize the boys—all of them. I don't pretend to say I have carefully read all twenty-five closely packed papers in the seven hours I have been at it, but I do claim to have gleaned enough to keep me from starvation while I go over them more slowly, one by one.

Just now the last impression on my mind comes from the issue of July 26. The story is under the caption, "One Man and a Battle Sixty Miles Long." I wish, in passing, to extend some sort of laurel to the writer. I think I know a classic when I see one. One does not need a de luxe binding to aid in the recognition of that writer's genius, who can put with such gripping force so simple, undressed a tale before the world, I wish I could learn he was new at the business, so obsessed by his subject that he allowed it to write itself—but that is not possible. More probably, by far, he is a shining light in the world of newspaper men. Ordinary writers could not have kept that story so dramatically simple.

I do not think it is given to mere men to understand their mothers. They love and idealize them, but had this paper been edited for them alone, the wonderful touch that gives the boys back again would not be there. So, while I am glad your work is for the men, that very fact enables me to thank you for the mothers. I can see my own son, at last (a youngster in the Field Artillery, whose name I ran across in one of the papers, by the way!) in some other setting than fog.

I am due in the East for my Thanksgiving dinner—if Mr. Hoover is willing—and when I am settled I shall send you my subscription. In the meantime, allow me, with congratulations, to sign myself.

MARGARET B. WELDON,
407 Court Street, Los Angeles.

LIBERTY MEASLES

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

In line with the housecleaning of the world now well under way, the American Red Cross Military Hospital, No. 9 (Skin Hospital), begs to announce its change of name of the disease known as German measles to "Liberty Measles." We recommend its adoption by all Allied medical officers.

W. H. MOOK, Capt., M.C.

THEY CALL IT A DAY IN THE ARMY

Through the blackness of the morning the three shrill blasts of the whistle rasped, grating the ears, and rousing to semi-consciousness the sleep-drugged senses—not minds—of the fagged humans who sprawled in uncouth and animal-like postures over the dirty floor of the barn. Here and there a tousled shock of hair protruded from a miscellaneous pile of blankets, tents and hodge-podge of equipment. Stiff backs, legs and necks. Damn the hard ground!

God! Another day! On with the shoes, stiff and cold, smelling to high heaven. Leggins next, wrap ones at that—what do we care if they do go on upside down? We must make formation. A hitch to the underwear and belt and then on with the blouse, still wet with yesterday's cold sweat, damp and ill smelling. A hasty dive for gun and belt and out the door to fall in once more.

A drizzle of rain is falling. One hour for breakfast and preparations. Rolls are half made—then call to breakfast. Stand in line ten minutes and get porridge, coffee and a slice of bread and bacon. Half an hour left. Wash? Impossible. Half a week's growth of beard and unbrushed teeth. Water, the Infantryman's mainstay, is scarce. Every drop must be husbanded.

Out in the rain to slap together the pack, grunting and cursing. The straps become twisted—will we ever be ready? Time to fall in and at least fifteen more things to go in—extra rations, shoes to be tied on, that damned hat. Swing it up on the back, sling the gun, and stagger into line, muttering and cursing.

Up the steep hill, and the day's gruelling work has begun. Everything goes pretty well—the soreness disappears from legs and the packs settle to a more comfortable position.

The first halt is welcome. Wholesale adjustments are in order. A bit thirsty, but better wait; the sun is coming out and a long march ahead. Sixteen miles today? Discussion varies.

That whistle! Up again; a stretch of road and the pack gets heavier. How long have we been going. Twenty minutes. Shift the rifle and plod some more. The sweat starts, saturating shirt, coat and trousers. Some sing; I would, too, if the sweat would keep out of my mouth. A little swig from the canteen—not much. Damn! I shouldnt have taken that much. I'll be up against it later on.

Two more hours pass. Mechanically halting and plodding. Dust—it will be worse in the afternoon. How far do we have to go, anyway? I wish I'd shaved. Dirty drops of sweat splash over my gun sling. Thank the Lord my feet don't hurt. Half the water gone and not yet time for lunch. It is hot, brutally hot, and the dust increases, stirred by passing lorries. On through a cloud of it. A bit faint? Nibble a bit of greasy hardtack that has been in the pocket for a week, getting chummy with old letters, loose cartridges and the stub of a pencil. Smoke another cigarette. Empty, aren't you? Well, it's time for lunch. Into a hay field we pile—throw off packs and coats and flop down to wait for the kitchen. Another butt.

Half a cup of weak coffee, a mixture of corned willie and hardtack, and off we go to war again.

Sweat, sweat, sweat. Dust. Why didn't the water cart come up?

Let's day dream a bit; maybe it'll make the going easier. The Biltmore on the left—think I'll turn in for one of those long Tom Collinses in a vase with a big square chunk of cracked ice floating in it. It is a bit tiresome to walk any distance on pavements, isn't it? Raises the devil with your feet. All right, think I'll make it two. It's a bit hot, so home early for the old tub and dinner coat. A complete change and I'll be fit again.

Bingo! Five drops of sweat on that damn gas mask, which swings like a clumsy suitcase against the leg. Filthy underwear, sweat soaked, slides against the soiled body. Canteen three-quarters gone and four hours more to go.

Red sun higher and higher, more dust. Tongue like a blotter, and unbrushed teeth make things worse. What's that blue sign? 16 Kilos to X. Halt! Thank God. Off goes the pack. To hell with the extra trouble. It cut my shoulders the last hour. Think I've got a blister. Bzzz. That whistle.

God, I'm thirsty! Can't seem to day dream this time. Bumps in the road twist your feet a bit. What makes you stagger, you damn fool? That's the stuff, watch the other man's feet. One two—one two—one two three four. Carry on. Damn that expression. Water, water, water! Shift the rifle. Is that a chafe? Damnation.

Well, might as well have a couple of good swallows and know you're all through. Fini.

Breeches getting soaked with sweat, pack cuts—wriggle with chafe at every step—water—why did I clean it up?

You don't want to club that man ahead of you and take his canteen. Damn fool. One two, one two.

French town, five estaminets. Maybe we'll stop here. No such luck.

Don't get ahead of the line—one two—water—God! I'd sell my soul for one swig. Twenty francs for a canteen full would be cheap. When you need something, you need it. Halt!

Off again. Sweat and dust in the eyes—you're not getting blind. That pack weighs a ton. Lots to think about—one two—one two—pack, sweat, chafe, blister, one two.

What's that? A pump? Think I'll fall out. No, you'd look like a jackass doing that. If the other worms can keep moving, you can, too. Well, we're by it, and you couldn't drink, anyway. One two. Don't bump into your next door neighbor.

What's that? Our town around the corner? Chlorinated water! Estaminet "Champagne. Dix Francs." Home again! Got a cigarette?

PVT. THEODORE EMERY, Inf.

A MASTERPIECE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I am taking the liberty of enclosing herewith a reproduction of the famous painting by the great artist Daub entitled, "Cooties Nursing Their Young."

This painting, as you will remember, received universal recognition by all the famous galleries of Europe and America, and particularly by Army critics. This picture is regarded as one of the masterpieces of the modern era of art, and will no doubt go down in history as one of the world's greatest pictures on this subject, and should prove to be the admiration and inspiration of many generations to come.

Its conception was evoked in a moment of unguarded enthusiasm by the artist provoked no doubt by an intense desire to put in some concrete form his thoughts and feeling upon discovering this touching scene upon his undershirt.

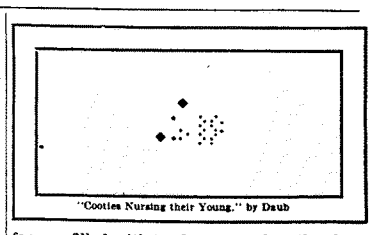
This subject has been universally discussed with great feeling by all classes of people during the past few years, but never has it been given the deep consideration and study that the artist has given it—in fact, he has even suffered in producing his masterpiece.

Notice the tender expression of solicitude upon the face of the mother cootie as she weans her young ones. Regard that wistful face so filled with tenderness and mother love for her ungrateful offspring. Study that little fellow in the corner of the picture evidently just starting off by himself to make his mark in the world. See how bravely the mother bears the parting. See the little fellow trying to gyp his little sister out of her milk.

A thousand and one details stare one in the face, showing the deep study that the artist has given the subject. No one but a genius could possibly paint a picture like this. Notice the wonderful coloring and tones which even Rubens couldn't possibly duplicate in his palmiest days. Another masterpiece has been added to the world's collection.

The artist has given me permission to turn over the exclusive rights of reproducing this picture for the benefit of the A.E.F. to THE STARS AND STRIPES.

GEORGE N. LYNCH,
Sgt. Maj. F.A.



"Cooties Nursing their Young." by Daub